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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FIFTY-SIX

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The BOYS™

FIFTY-SIX

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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THE BIG RIDE

part one

RIGHT.

HERE WE GO.

949

TAXI!

OH--!

BLOODY HELL, LOOK WHO IT IS. HOW WAS JOCKLAND, THEN?

UH--I--

YOU COMIN'?

BUT--

IT'S ME.

I'M BACK.

YEAH, FANFARE O' TRUMPETS, MATE, BUT TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN. WE'VE GOT A JOB ON.

YOU COMIN' OR WHAT?

WHERE ARE WE...AH. WHAT D'YOU MAKE O' THIS, THEN?

AW--!

AW, WHO DID THAT TO HER...?

HAVE ANOTHER LOOK.

IS *THAT* A...?

IS SHE A, A, IS HE A TRANSVESTITE? I MEAN A TRANS, TRANSSEXUAL?

LOOK IT UP IN THE GUIDEBOOK LATER.

CAUSE O' DEATH WAS A BAD BEATIN'. OL' BILL FOUND THE BODY A BLOCK AN' A HALF FROM WHERE WE'RE GOIN'.

WHERE'S THAT?

PLACE RUN BY A BLOKE GETS SUPES WHAT THEY'RE AFTER. GIRLS, BOYS, PILLS, PORN.

THERE'S A FEW OF 'EM INTO THIS SORT O' THING, BIRDS WITH DICKS AN' THAT. THEY GIVE HIM A BELL IN ADVANCE AN' HE HAS WHATEVER THEY'VE ORDERED WAITIN'.

WHO IS HE? WAIT A MINUTE, WHY ARE ***WE*** INTERESTED IN--

WELL, ONE, YOU MIGHT REMEMBER WE DON'T LET THESE ARSEHOLES GO AROUND OFFIN' WHOEVER THEY FANCY. AN' TWO, THE NAME THAT COMES TO MIND WHEN YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT LADYBOYS--LOCALLY, ANYWAY--IS JACK FROM JUPITER.

BUT...

JACK...?

YEAH. SPECIFICALLY HE LIKES TO SAY HIS MAGIC WORD, TURN INVULNERABLE, AN' THEN HAVE A GANG OF 'EM FUCK HIM SIX WAYS TO BREAKFAST TIME FOR AS LONG AS THE LITTLE BLUE PILLS LAST.

I'M THE UNFORTUNATE OWNER OF AN AWARD-WINNIN' SHORT DEPICTIN' EXACTLY THAT.

JESUS.

I THOUGHT I'D SEEN IT ALL AT HEROGASM, BUT JUST WHEN YOU THINK THE BASTARDS'VE DONE IT ALL...

YEAH? MY EYES GLAZED OVER AGES AGO, TO BE HONEST WITH YOU.

I SOMETIMES THINK EVERY ONE OF 'EM JUST GOES DOWN A BIG LIST O' KINKS, UNTIL HE FINDS THE ONE THAT GIVES HIM A HARD-ON.

AYE. LISTEN, THERE'S SOMETHIN' I WANNA SAY HERE, ALL RIGHT?

I WAS DOIN' A BIT O' THINKIN' WHILE I WAS AWAY. AN'...THINGS AREN'T GONNA BE THE SAME AS THEY USED TO BE.

I...

SSHHLLOOOOORRRPP

OCH, *TERROR...!*

YOU'RE A GOOD WEE DUG, AREN'T YOU, PAL? I'M SORRY, I NEVER EVEN SAID HELLO TO YOU!

OCH, YOU'RE A GOOD WEE DUG.

HE IS.

I DON'T TELL HIM IT OFTEN ENOUGH, BUT HE IS.

AN ACQUAINTANCE ONCE TOLD ME THAT HAD HE A LOADED FIREARM ON HAND WHEN A MIGRAINE STRUCK, HE WOULD QUITE HAPPILY PUT THE MUZZLE TO HIS TEMPLE AND LET FLY. ALL I COULD THINK WAS, HOW BAD CAN A HEADACHE BE?

TEN MINUTES IN THAT MAN'S OFFICE AND I STAND ENLIGHTENED. DURING RATHER THAN PRE-CAMPAIGN EQUALS MORE IMPACT EQUALS DELAY, A CHILD COULD PROCESS A NOTION LIKE THAT.

ANYWAY, THANK YOU FOR ASKING.

OH, WELL, I WAS JUST...

NO, REALLY. I DO APPRECIATE IT.

THE REASON I WAS CALLING WAS TO ASK IF YOU'D VISITED OUR FRIENDS RECENTLY. JUST TO ENSURE THAT ALL'S WELL.

AH, NO, I...WELL NO, I HAVEN'T.

NO?

NO, I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF REVIEWING. CREATIVE EXPLORATION ARE WELL WORTH KEEPING AN EYE ON, AS YOU SAID...

I ALSO MENTIONED THE TEAMS. THAT TEAM.

THE LAST THING WE WANT NOW IS SOME UNFORESEEN DEVELOPMENT. PARTICULARLY AS WE MOVE INTO THIS FINAL PHASE.

OF COURSE.

THEIR TIME WILL PASS, UNQUESTIONABLY. BUT THEIR P.R. IMPACT WILL BE CRUCIAL DURING THE TRANSITION.

I'LL LOOK INTO IT RIGHT AWAY, I PROMISE.

LISTEN, IF YOU KEEP ON GETTING MIGRAINES, I KNOW A--

MY PROBLEMS ARE NOTHING, MS. BRADLEY.

BACK TO WORK FOR US BOTH.

I'VE NO' BEEN THIS HIGH UP ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE BEFORE...

EIGHTY-NINTH AN' TOSSER. SO SPEAKIN' OF ALL THE TIME YOU WERE AWAY, WERE YOU EVER IN TOUCH WITH BLONDIE?

EH? OH. NO, SHE'S OUT O' THE PICTURE.

NO, HOW COULD SHE BE?

SO SHE'S NONE THE WISER ABOUT ANY OF US...

NICE ONE.

I'M SERIOUS. I DON'T WANNA BE RUNNIN' TO CATCH UP LIKE I USED TO BE, I WANNA BE INVOLVED PROPERLY. EVERY TIME THERE'S AN OPERATION, I WANNA BE PART O' THE DECISION-MAKIN' PROCESS...

BLIMEY, HUGHIE. WHO HAVE YOU BEEN TALKIN' TO?

LOOK, BEFORE WE GO AN' SEE THIS SUPE *PIMP* OR WHATEVER HE IS, THERE'S SOMETHIN' WE HAVE TO GET CLEAR:

WHAT, THAT THINGS AIN'T GONNA BE THE SAME?

I'VE NO' BEEN *TALKIN'* TO ANYONE, I CAN WORK THINGS FOR MYSELF--I MEAN I CAN WORK THINGS OUT, I CAN THINK FOR MYSELF...!

HHHH.

LOOK, THIS IS NON-NEGOTIABLE, ALL RIGHT? THERE WAS A LOT O' STUFF I DIDN'T LIKE, THERE WERE TOO MANY SURPRISES.

SAY ON...

IF I'M GONNA COME BACK FOR GOOD, I WANNA BE ALL THE WAY ON THE INSIDE.

I WANNA BE SECOND IN COMMAND AROUND HERE.

BE LIKE AN N.C.O..

HMM.

THIS IS WHAT YOU SPENT YER SUMMER HOLIDAY THINKIN' ABOUT, IS IT?

I WASN'T ON--

I KNOW.

ALL RIGHT, I AIN'T SAYIN' I COULDN'T'VE DONE A BETTER JOB O' GIVIN' YOU THE WHYFOR NOW AN' AGAIN, I PROBABLY DO LIKE TO PLAY STUFF A BIT CLOSE TO ME CHEST. BUT YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND THERE'S TIMES WHEN I CAN'T STOP FOR A SHOW O' HANDS, I'VE GOTTA KEEP THINGS MOVIN' OR WE'RE FUCKED.

THAT'S NO' WHAT I'M--

AN' WHAT ABOUT FRENCHIE AN' M.M.? THEY'VE BOTH BEEN AT THIS LONGER'N YOU HAVE.

"GUESS WHAT, BOYS, HUGHIE'S BACK. OR AS HE'S TO BE KNOWN FROM NOW ON-- ***THE SARGE...***"

I'M NO' SAYIN' YOU'VE GOTTA ***CONSULT ME,*** NO' WHEN THE FUCKIN' SHIT HITS THE FAN. I'M TALKIN' ABOUT BEFORE THAT, BEFORE WE EVEN DECIDE WHAT WE'RE DOIN'.

I'M SORRY, MY MIND'S MADE UP. THAT'S IT.

YOU FUCK OFF FOR NEARLY A MONTH AN' COME BACK AN' DROP THIS IN ME LAP, AN' ALL YOU'LL SAY IS YER MIND'S MADE UP AN' THAT'S IT?

YES...

FAIR ENOUGH. WHAT ABOUT THIS: YOU EARN IT.

EH...?

EARN IT. YOU DO A GOOD JOB ON THIS THING NOW--IF IT TURNS OUT TO BE SOMETHIN', AT ANY RATE-- AN' WHEN WE'RE DONE I'LL DECIDE.

IF I THINK YOU'VE PULLED YER WEIGHT, IF YOU SHOW YOU CAN THINK ON YER FEET AN' YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES, YOU'RE SORTED. WE'LL WORK OUT WHAT TO SAY TO M.M. LATER.

IF I DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAN HACK IT...I'LL TELL YOU.

UM...

C'MON, I CAN'T SAY FAIRER THAN THAT, CAN I?

UH, ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE ON.

WHAT DOES N.C.O. STAND FOR, HUGHIE?

EH?

N.C.O.. WHAT'S IT STAND FOR?

UH...

COME AN' MEET DOCTOR PECULIAR.

I MEAN FUCK KNOWS WHAT HIS REAL NAME IS, THAT'S JUST WHAT EVERYONE CALLS HIM.

WATCH OUT FOR THE AIDS MONKEYS, BY THE WAY...

NEEK-NEEK-NEEK-NEEK-NEEK!

I DIDN'T FUCKING DO *SHIT...!*

REALLY.

I'M TELLING YOU, IT WASN'T ME! I HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN TO PECULIAR'S! I MEAN NOT FOR FUCKING MONTHS, AT LEAST!

NO--!

BUT WHEN YOU DO GO...

COME ON, JACK, IT'S YOUR THING. IT'S ONE OF YOUR THINGS. I MEAN SOME OF THE PORN YOU FORWARD TO ME, JESUS...

WHAT?

NO ONE'S JUDGING YOU OR ANYTHING, IT'S JUST THAT IF THINGS WENT A LITTLE TOO FAR ONE TIME--

OH YOU TWO-FACED LITTLE *BITCH,* A-TRAIN--!

WHEN I REMEMBER THE SHIT I'VE DONE FOR YOU--THE PLACES I'VE TAKEN YOU, THE PEOPLE YOU'D NEVER HAVE MET WITHOUT ME! I *TRUSTED YOU,* AND YOU SIT HERE AND FUCKING DO ME LIKE THIS! WITH THIS PATHETIC PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE *CRAP!*

OKAY... *OKAY...*

YOU THINK ANYONE HERE *ACTUALLY BUYS IT?* OR YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AHEAD? YOU COULDN'T BE LESS FUCKING SUBTLE IF YOU PULLED THE HOMELANDER'S PANTS DOWN AND RAN YOUR TONGUE UP HIS ASS!

MEANWHILE. REGARDING THE EMAIL FROM VOUGHT.

I'M NOT... TRYING... TO CHANGE... THE SUBJECT...!

LOOK.

I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA FOR ANY OF US--*ANY OF US*--TO START STANDING IN JUDGMENT ON ANYONE ELSE'S EXTRA-CURRICULAR SHIT. THERE ARE VERY FEW SECRETS LEFT AROUND HERE, EITHER ABOUT WHERE PEOPLE STICK IT OR WHERE THEY LIKE IT STUCK.

REGARDING WHAT I DO AT DOC PECULIAR'S: TOPIC FUCKING CLOSED. REGARDING THE EMAIL FROM V.A.: *I DIDN'T KILL THE FREAK.*

OKAY?

HMMM...

DUDE, YOU CAN PUT ME ON A FUCKING LIE-DETECTOR...!

YOU REALIZE THIS IS THE WORST POSSIBLE TIME, WITH THE HOMELANDER'S PLANS APPROACHING FRUITION...

YES, EXACTLY! I MEAN WHY THE FUCK WOULD I DO THIS NOW, WHEN WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO TAKE DOWN THE GODDAMN--

NO.

I DON'T WANT ANY DISCUSSION OF THAT.

NOT HERE.

YOU THINK...?

BUT VOUGHT TOOK THE BUGS OUT, RIGHT? THEY SWEEP THE PLACE ALL THE TIME!

THEY COULD EASILY HAVE BEEN REPLACED. OR DEACTIVATED WHEN A SWEEP BEGINS, THEN SWITCHED BACK ON. WE NEVER DID FIND OUT HOW BUTCHER'S PEOPLE GOT THEM IN HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

THAT WOULD INDEED BE DISASTROUS...

THOSE FUCKERS, I COMPLETELY FORGOT ABOUT THEM...

CONFIRMING WHAT A DIPSHIT YOU ARE. IN CASE ANYONE HAD ANY DOUBTS.

FUCK YOU, YOU COCKSUCKER--!

FUCK YOU, YOU BACKSTABBING PRICK!

READY FOR ANOTHER, O AMAZON WARRIORESS?

...FUCK OFF AND GET ME AN O.J. INSTEAD.

AT LEAST I'M NOT A SHIT-STABBER, *FAG* FROM JUPITER!

THAT'S BRILLIANT, DID YOU COME UP WITH THAT WHEN YOU WERE JERKING OFF TO THE MIRROR?

ENOUGH...

LET'S JUST REMEMBER THAT WALLS HAVE EARS.

WHETHER YOU KILLED THIS CREATURE OR NOT IS MOOT: ENOUGH PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU DID THAT THEY'LL TAKE AN INTEREST REGARDLESS. JUST KEEP A LOW PROFILE, AND PRAY THAT THE POLICE INVESTIGATION GOES NOWHERE.

AND IN THE MEANTIME, TRY TO KEEP AWAY FROM ANY COCKS THAT AREN'T YOUR OWN...

ALL RIGHT, DOC, I HEARD YOU'D HAD A SPOT O' BOTHER. MIND IF WE HAVE A SNIFF AROUND?

NAH, 'COURSE YOU DON'T. YOU KNOW WHAT SIDE YER BREAD'S BUTTERED, DON'T YOU?

NEEK!

NEEK!

TERROR...

NEEK-NEEK-NEEK!

GGRRRRRRRR

NEEK-NEEK-NEEK-NEEK!

DOES HE MIND...?

YEAH, 'COURSE.

BUT HE DON'T WANT HIS GIRLS AN' BOYS AN' INBETWEEN GETTIN' DONE IN, THAT'S BAD FOR BUSINESS. AN' HE KNOWS THE N.Y.P.D. AIN'T GONNA MAKE IT A PRIORITY.

AN' LET'S FACE IT, HE KNOWS BETTER'N TO SAY NO TO ME.

YOU GO BACK A BIT, DO YOU?

YEAH, WE'RE LIKE THAT. EXCEPT I WOULDN'T LET THE WEIRD FUCKIN' BASTARD ANYWHERE NEAR ME.

HE SUPPLIES HIGH CLASS STRANGE FOR SUPES WILLIN' TO PAY, YOU'RE BLEEDIN' RIGHT WE GO BACK A BIT...

JINGS, HE'S GOT--DO THEY KNOW HE HAS ALL THIS...?

SMARTER ONES PROBABLY KNOW HE HAS SOMETHIN'. IT AIN'T FOR BLACKMAIL, IT'S JUST TO BE SURE THEY DON'T MISBEHAVE WITH THE MERCHANDISE-- WHICH IS ANOTHER REASON WHY THIS THING WITH JACK'S SO DODGY.

HERE, YOU WANNA SEE A PHOTO OF SOLDIER BOY DRINKIN' PISS?

WHAT? AW, FOR FUCK'S SAKE--!

THERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF HIM DOIN' THE OL' HUMAN ASHTRAY BIT, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.

NO THANKS.

I WAS RIGHT, WASN'T I? THERE REALLY IS NO FUCKIN' END TO THIS.

WHAT, THE SEX STUFF? WELL, MAYBE IT'S A BIT LIKE BEIN' A PORN STAR: BY THE TIME YOU GET THERE, YOU'RE ENOUGH OF A MESS THAT YOU'RE UP FOR ANYTHING.

I MEAN LOOK AT THE PRESSURE THE SUPE KIDS ARE UNDER JUST FROM THEIR MUMS AN' DADS, OR THE THINGS THE TECHS AT VOUGHT DO TO TRAIN 'EM. AN' THAT'S EVEN WITHOUT SOME DIRTY OL' CUNT LIKE GODOLKIN COMIN' ALONG.

THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT'S MORE LIKE ANCIENT ROME: THEY CAN SO THEY DO. I DUNNO, REALLY, IF I WAS A PSYCHIATRIST I WOULDN'T BE CARRYIN' A CROWBAR AROUND WITH ME.

HERE WE ARE...

IT'S JUST A BIT OF A SICKENER, THOUGH. ALL THAT POWER, ALL THAT POTENTIAL...I MEAN THERE'S SOME O' THEM COULD FLY TO THE BLOODY MOON...

JACK FROM JUPITER

THE DECEDENT

IT'D ALMOST MAKE YOU THINK ABOUT JUST EXTERMINATIN' THE LOT O' THEM, WOULDN'T IT?

OH YEAH?

AYE, JUST DO THEM ALL. TOTAL ANNIHILATION, SOLVE EVERY PROBLEM IN ONE GO.

BLIMEY.

THEN AGAIN, WHERE WOULD THE FUN IN THAT BE, EH?

PRE-CISELY, MY SON.

JACK FROM JUP

QUEEN MAEVE
HOMELANDER
THE DEEP
A-TRAIN
BLACK NOIR

...HUH.

HERE, DID YOU KEN THAT SPACER OUT THERE DOES ABORTIONS?

ONE O' THE MANY SERVICES HE PROVIDES. LEMME GUESS: MAEVE?

UH...

YEAH, HE'S BEEN RUMMAGIN' AROUND UP THERE SO LONG HE'S PROBABLY FOUND STORMFRONT'S CAR KEYS.

STORMFRONT...?

FOR STARTERS. HOW MANY LITTLE OPS IS SHE ON NOW, TWO DOZEN OR SO?

UM...I THINK IT'S GONE UP A WEE BIT SINCE YOU LAST HAD A LOOK...

ATTAGIRL.

ALL RIGHT, SO JACK WAS HERE THE NIGHT IT HAPPENED. POINT AGAINST. THEN AGAIN, THE TRANNY THEY FOUND WAS HERE EARLIER ON, BUT *WASN'T* ONE O' THE ONES HE WAS WITH.

OH AYE?

YEAH, HE PAID FOR FOUR OF 'EM, APPARENTLY HE LIKES A GOOD LONG SESSION. BUT WHEN HE ARRIVED HE ONLY WANTED THE THREE, HE MADE SOME JOKE ABOUT FEELIN' HIS AGE. ANASTASIA...OR KEV BAKER OF HANCOCK, NEW YORK, AS WAS...LEFT ABOUT EIGHT-THIRTY. JACK WAS HERE 'TIL ONE IN THE MORNIN'.

YOU LISTENIN'?

AYE, AYE, ONE IN THE MORNIN'. SO IT CAN'T'VE BEEN JACK.

UNLESS HE WAS WAITIN' FOR HIM OUTSIDE. SOME SORT O' TIFF FROM BEFORE, MAYBE.

THERE'S SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS YOU DON'T LIKE, ISN'T THERE? YOU SAID IT WAS DODGY EARLIER ON.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, HUGHIE: JACK AIN'T RIGHT FOR THIS. DON'T GET ME WRONG, HE'S A SLIMY FUCKIN' SUPE SHITBAG AN' IF HE DIED O' CANCER I'D LAUGH ME BOLLOCKS OFF, BUT HE AIN'T INTO THE ROUGH STUFF.

NOT GIVIN', ANYWAY. HE AIN'T BUILT FOR IT.

NO...?

HE SAYS HIS WORD AN' YOU COULDN'T GET AN ANTI-TANK ROUND THROUGH HIS SKIN, BUT THAT'S HIS LOT. WITHOUT THAT, I DOUBT HE'D WIN IN A BARNEY WITH STEPHEN HAWKIN'.

WHICH DON'T REALLY PROVE ANYTHING, I KNOW, BUT...

IT'S WHY I DON'T THINK THIS ONE'S BUSINESS AS USUAL.

ME EVIL CUNT SENSE IS TINGLIN'.

TIME WE WAS OFF.

YEAH, CHEERS, DOC! WE'LL GIVE YOU A SHOUT AS SOON AS WE HEAR!

YOU MENTAL FUCKIN' BLEEDER...

WHAT IS THIS?

I NOTICED IT ON THE WAY IN, WHAT IS IT?

OH, BLOODY HELL, HE DIDN'T HAVE A FUCKIN' *STATUE* MADE OF IT--!

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

REMIND YOU OF ANYONE?

IT'S... IT'S...

IT'S NO' YOUR MAN *KESSLER,* IS IT...?

BRACE YERSELF.

NOT LONG AFTER RAYNER TOOK OVER, SHE SAID WE HAD TO HAVE AN OFFICIAL OBSERVER ALONG ON THE JOBS. JUST THE NEW BOSS TRYNNA PUT HER STAMP ON THINGS, YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE.

MALLORY WAS DOIN' HIS NUT, BUT I SAID WHY NOT? WHATEVER DICKHEAD THEY SEND'S GONNA GET HIMSELF KILLED INSIDE A WEEK, AN' THAT'LL BE THE END O' THE OFFICIAL OBSERVER. SOON AS HE SHOWED UP, THE OLD MAN TOOK ONE LOOK AN' GAVE ME THE GO-AHEAD.

SO WE COME DOWN HERE, I THINK WE WAS LOOKIN' FOR... MIGHT'VE BEEN SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH MASTER FATE. WE WALK IN, SAY HELLO TO THE DOC, AN' THE FUCKIN' AIDS MONKEYS GO *MENTAL*...!

THE INSTANT THEY SEE THE BASTARD THEY'RE ALL OVER HIM, HOWLIN' THEIR HEADS OFF, RIPPIN' HIS CLOTHES TO BITS...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, THE DOC JUST STANDS THERE STARIN' LIKE A PLONKER...

MONKEY STARTS SCREAMIN'. I START LAUGHIN'. THEN I SEE WHAT IT IS THEY'RE DOIN', AN' I'M FUCKIN' PISSIN' MESELF.

HOW THE MONKEY GOT HIS NAME:

AW, JESUS *CHRIST*--!

HUGHIE, IT WAS THE FUNNIEST FUCKIN' THING I'VE EVER SEEN IN ME LIFE, MATE.

EVENTUALLY I STOP LAUGHIN' LONG ENOUGH TO PULL THE BLOODY THINGS OFF HIM, BUT THE DAMAGE IS DONE. HE'S FLAPPIN' NINETY TO THE DOZEN--I'VE GOT AIDS! THEY'VE GIVEN ME AIDS! AIDS, AIDS, I'M GONNA DIE OF AIDS!

I SAID DON'T BE A FUCKIN' CUNT, SON, YOU CAN'T CATCH IT FROM BEIN' SPIT-ROASTED IN THE EARS BY MONKEYS, JUST 'COS SOME LUNATIC'S DYED 'EM GREEN...!

AW, SO THEY'RE NO' ACTUALLY...

OH, FUCKIN' HELL.

NO, THEY AIN'T. BUT I'M TOLD YOU CAN DEFINITELY GET IT FROM BOG SEATS, IF YOU AIN'T GOT YER WITS ABOUT YOU.

AYE, ALL RIGHT, FUNNY MAN. SOME O' THE SHITE I'VE SEEN IN THE LAST COUPLE O' YEARS MAKES AIDS MONKEYS SOUND DOWNRIGHT SENSIBLE.

YEAH, FAIR ENOUGH.

TELL YOU WHAT, IT'S A BLOODY GOOD JOB YOU CAN'T GET IF OFF 'EM, OR WE'D HAVE TO HAVE GOT MONKEY A SHOT.

SHOT O' WHAT?

YOU KNOW. TAKE CARE O' THE VIRUS AN' THAT.

EH?

I MEAN IT COSTS A FUCKIN' FORTUNE, BUT...

ARE YOU TRYNNA TELL ME WE'VE A *CURE FOR--*

NO' FUNNY.

AW, C'MON, MATE--!

NO' FUNNY AT ALL.

IT WAS JUST THE LOOK ON YER FACE...!

I MEAN C'MON, IF WE REALLY DID HAVE A CURE FOR AIDS WOULD I FUCKIN' GIVE IT TO ***MONKEY***...?

...BEHOLD MY TRIUMPHANT FUCKIN' RETURN.

HEH.

SEE, THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I LIKE ABOUT YOU, SON.

YOU NEVER JUDGE ME.

1996

HEH HEH HA HA HA HA *HA...!*

COME ON THEN, TERROR.

OFF WE GO.

next: ANNIE-NONYMOUS